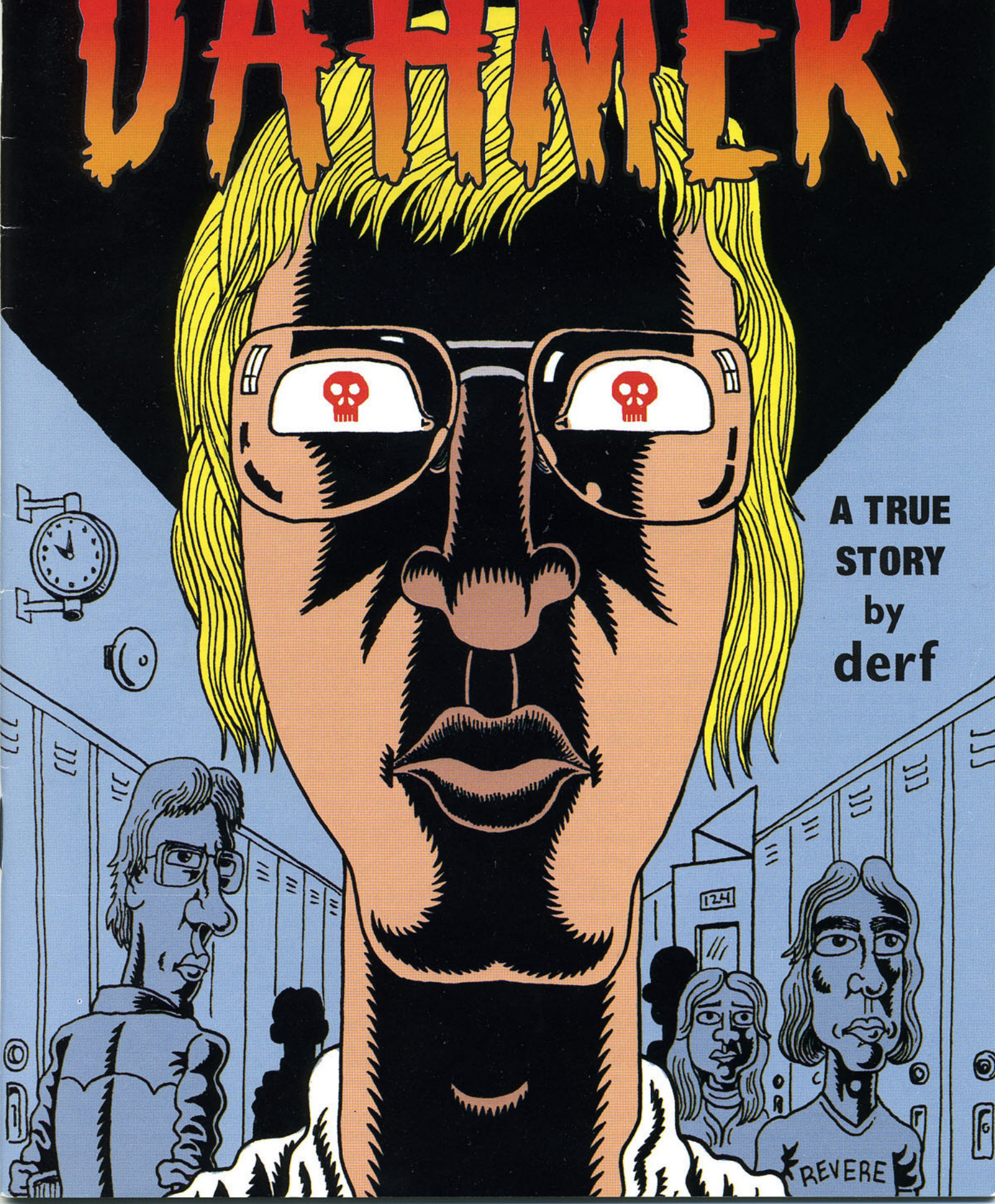


Mature readers

DERFCITY COMICS

\$2.95 USA
\$4.50 CAN.

MY FRIEND DALLAMER



A TRUE
STORY
by
derf

MY FRIEND DAHMER

Written and drawn by derf



DAHMER AS A BAG OF GROCERIES

High School sketchbook drawing, 1977

Why?

Go ahead. Ask the question. Why a comic book about my teenage friendship with the most notorious serial killer in history? How utterly disgusting! How outrageous! Why would I produce such a thing?

The answer is simple. I'm a storyteller. It's what I do.

And I had a story to tell.

I can't say I didn't struggle with this. That's pretty obvious. I didn't draw the first story in this book until 1996. It took me a full year to complete. The next two stories weren't finished until 2001. That's 10 full years after Dahmer's crimes came to light. Eight years after he was beaten to death in a prison bathroom. If I'm "cashing in" on this thing, well, I've done it pretty badly. Hell, I wasn't even aware of the 10th anniversary angle.... until a newspaper interviewed me on that very topic.

In fact, I don't expect to make a dime off this book. I published this out of my own pocket, because, not unexpectedly, I couldn't find a publisher who was daring enough to put it out. I don't expect distributors or comic book stores will carry it. Just the title alone will provoke outrage and disgust. Most people won't even give this book a chance. But I still HAD to produce it. It was gnawing at me that it was unfinished.

It's a painful story for me to tell. Believe it or not, I consider Dahmer a tragic figure. But remember... my memories of him are of the tormented kid spiraling into madness, not of the monster who later committed those horrific crimes. I remember him as bullied and shunned, much as I was. A quiet young boy who devolved helplessly into a twisted soul.

And yet, this book is also oddly sentimental. I admit to enjoying re-creating the places and episodes of my youth. In concentrating on that aspect of it, I was able to draw it without much trauma. I suppose I long ago dealt with the freak-out aspect of knowing Dahmer anyways, of rubbing elbows with absolute evil. It was only really the first few weeks after the story first broke, a period I spent dodging calls from Oprah and Geraldo and *The National Enquirer*, that were truly unsettling. Since then, it's just been periodically surreal.

I'm proud of this book. There are lessons to be learned in Dahmer's story. It's my belief that he COULD have been saved.... that

his victims could have been spared their horrible fate. If only some adult in his life had interceded while there was still hope. Just one is all it would have taken. It's the same lesson that Colombine teaches. Vigilance. Perception.

Set aside your pre-conceptions as you read this. I'll tell you right now... there's no violence. No gore. No deviant sex. No graphic depictions of unspeakable acts. Nothing. But this is a real horror story... and we all know how it turns out.

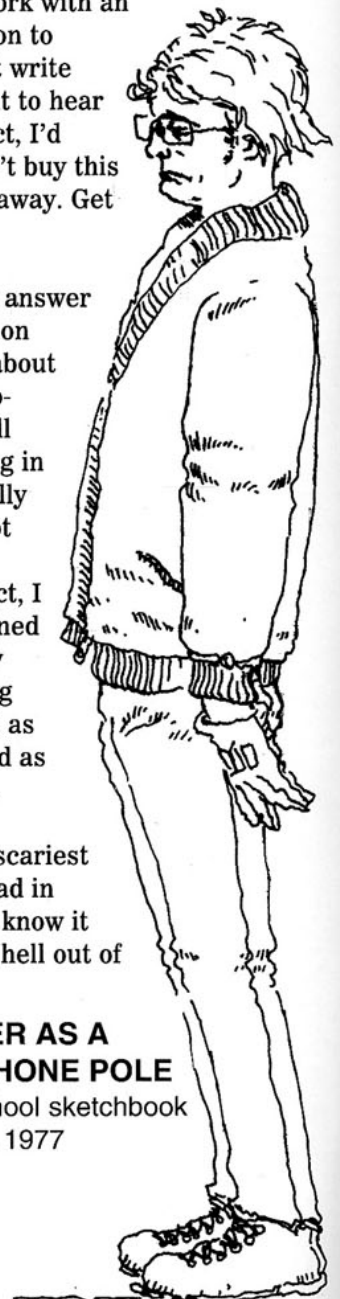
A word of warning... if you're a serial killer "fan," if you're some teenage goth dork with an unholy attraction to Dahmer... don't write me. I don't want to hear from you. In fact, I'd prefer you didn't buy this book at all. Go away. Get help.

And finally... to answer the most common question I get about the Dahmer stories...yes, it's all true. Everything in this book actually occurred. It's not embellished in ANY way. In fact, I purposefully toned down my highly stylized drawing style, making it as straight forward as the story itself.

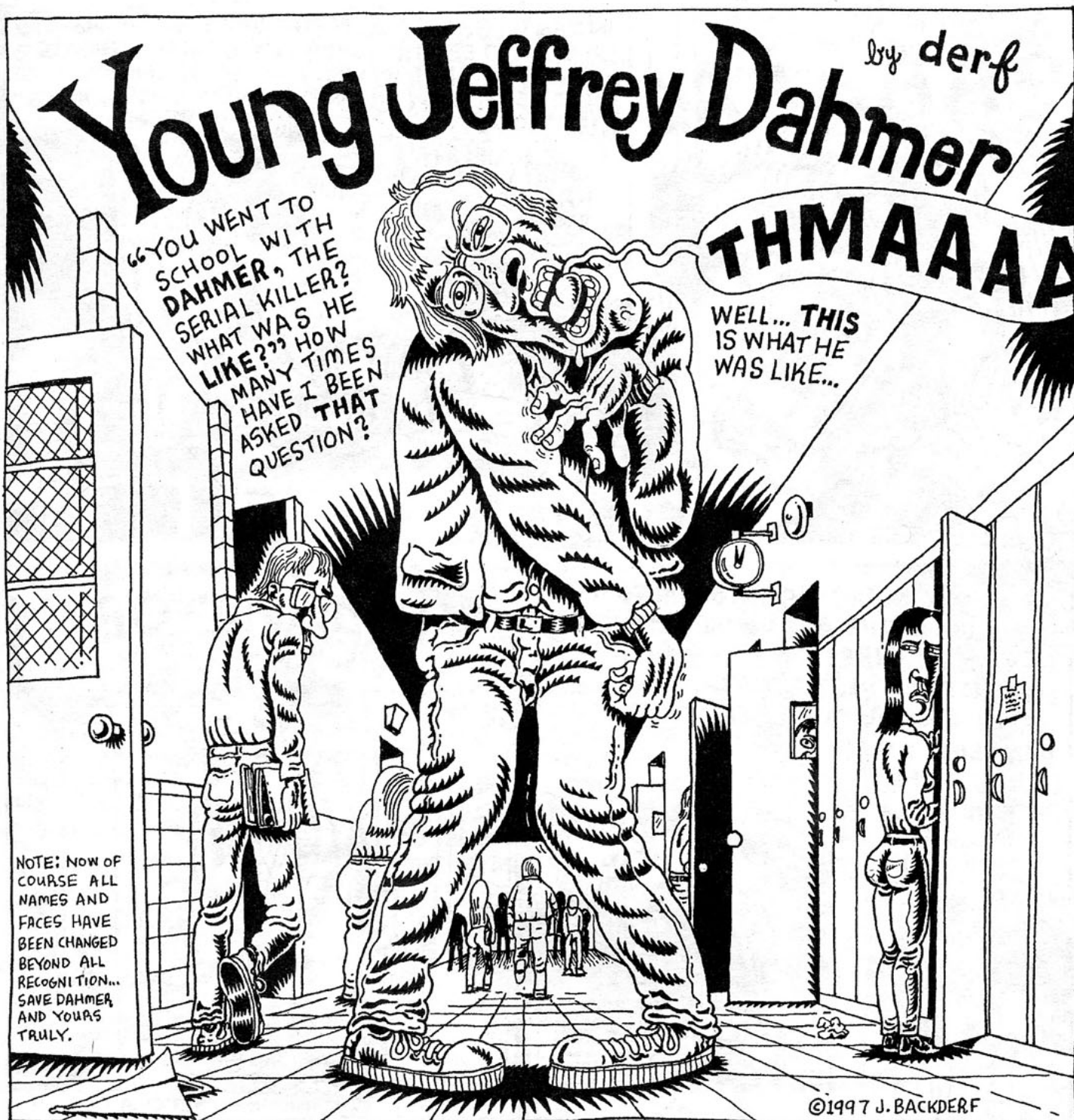
I think it's the scariest thing you've read in quite awhile. I know it still scares the hell out of me.

DAHMER AS A TELEPHONE POLE

High School sketchbook drawing, 1977



Write derf at derfcity@en.com
WWW.DERFCITY.COM



I FIRST MET DAHMER IN SEVENTH GRADE, WHEN THE WRETCHED CONTENTS OF THE DISTRICT'S THREE ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS WERE HURLED TOGETHER INTO THE HORMONAL HELL THAT IS JUNIOR HIGH.



HE WAS A **NOBODY**... ONE OF THOSE PAINFULLY SHY KIDS WHO BECOME SOCIAL INVALIDS WHEN THE FIRST **BLAST** OF ADOLESCENCE HITS. I DON'T RECALL THAT HE SPOKE AT ALL AT EASTVIEW JUNIOR HIGH. BUT... WHEN HE GOT TO HIGH SCHOOL...



...HE CHANGED...

BAAAAA!!

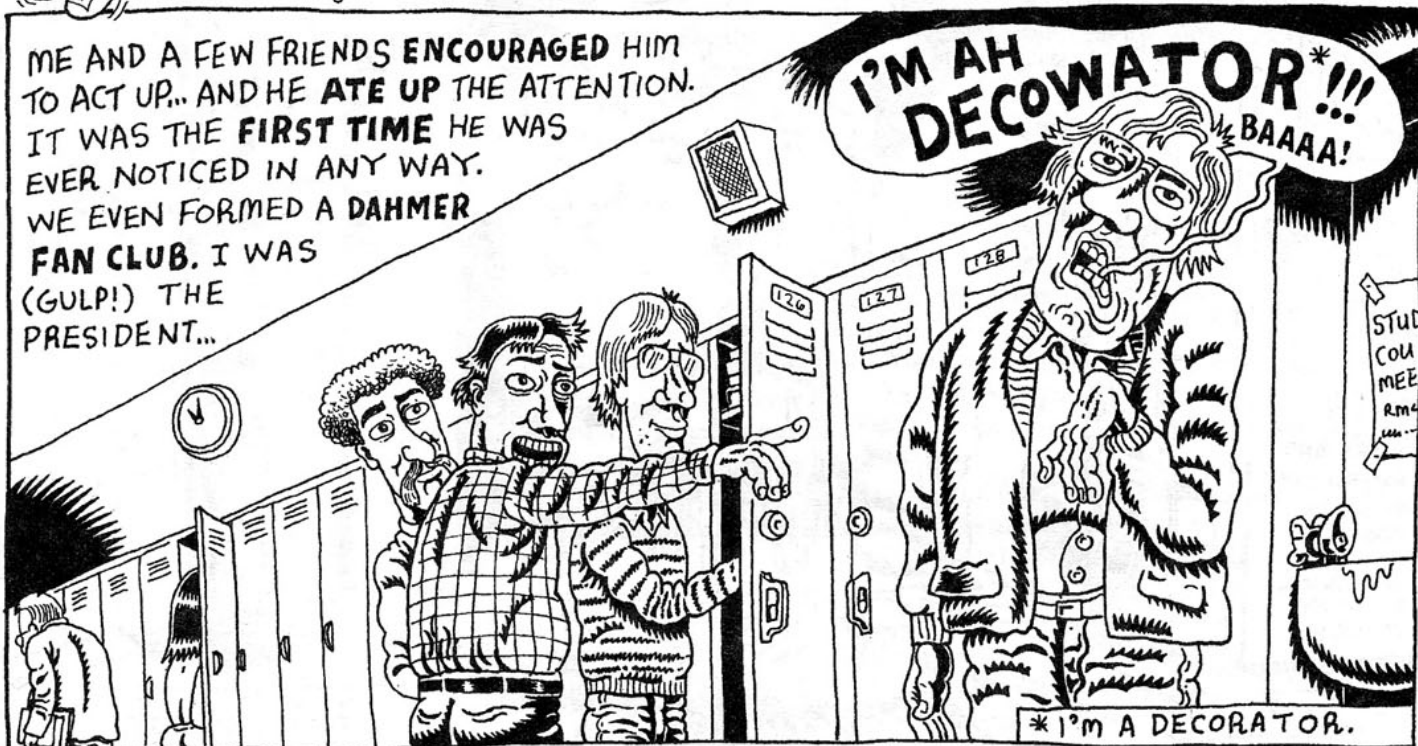
IN TENTH GRADE HE BEGAN MIMICKING THE SLURRED SPEECH AND SPASTIC MOVEMENTS OF HIS MOTHER'S INTERIOR DECORATOR, WHO HAD CEREBRAL PALSY. IT SOUNDS SICK NOW, BUT WE FOUND THIS SCHTICK HILARIOUS.



ME AND A FEW FRIENDS ENCOURAGED HIM TO ACT UP... AND HE **ATE UP** THE ATTENTION. IT WAS THE **FIRST TIME** HE WAS EVER NOTICED IN ANY WAY. WE EVEN FORMED A **DAHMER FAN CLUB**. I WAS (GULP!) THE PRESIDENT...

I'M AH DECOWATOR*!!!

BAAAA!



*I'm A DECORATOR.

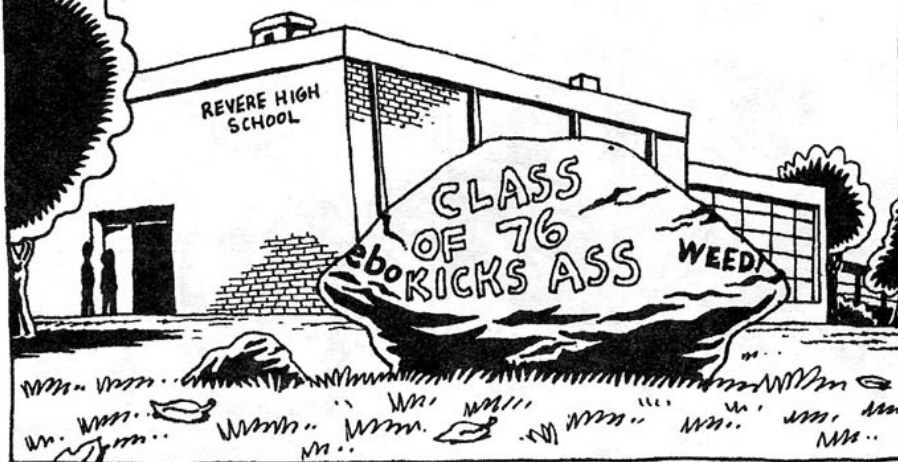
I SUPPOSE THIS BEHAVIOR **COULD** BE SHRUGGED OFF AS TYPICAL TEENAGE STUFF, BUT THERE WAS ALSO THE **DRINKING**. EVERY MORNING BEFORE CLASS, THIS 15-YEAR-OLD, SMALLTOWN KID WOULD POUND BACK AN ENTIRE **SIX PACK** IN THE PARKING LOT, VIRTUALLY **GULPING DOWN** THE CANS ONE AFTER ANOTHER. A LOT OF KIDS GOT HIGH, BUT **THIS** WAS DIFFERENT... **DARKER**. HE WAS GETTING...



...NUMB.



REVERE HIGH SCHOOL WAS COMPRISED OF KIDS FROM TWO SMALL OHIO TOWNS, RICHFIELD AND BATH. RICHFIELD WAS MAYBERRY... THE QUINTESSENTIAL SMALL TOWN... BUT BATH HAD EVOLVED, IN THE 20 YEARS SINCE THE FOUNDING OF THE JOINT SCHOOL, INTO A POSH, BEDROOM COMMUNITY OF DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND EXECUTIVES. BATH KIDS GREW UP IN A WORLD OF MANICURED LAWNS, HORSE SHOWS AND DEBUTANTE BALLS...



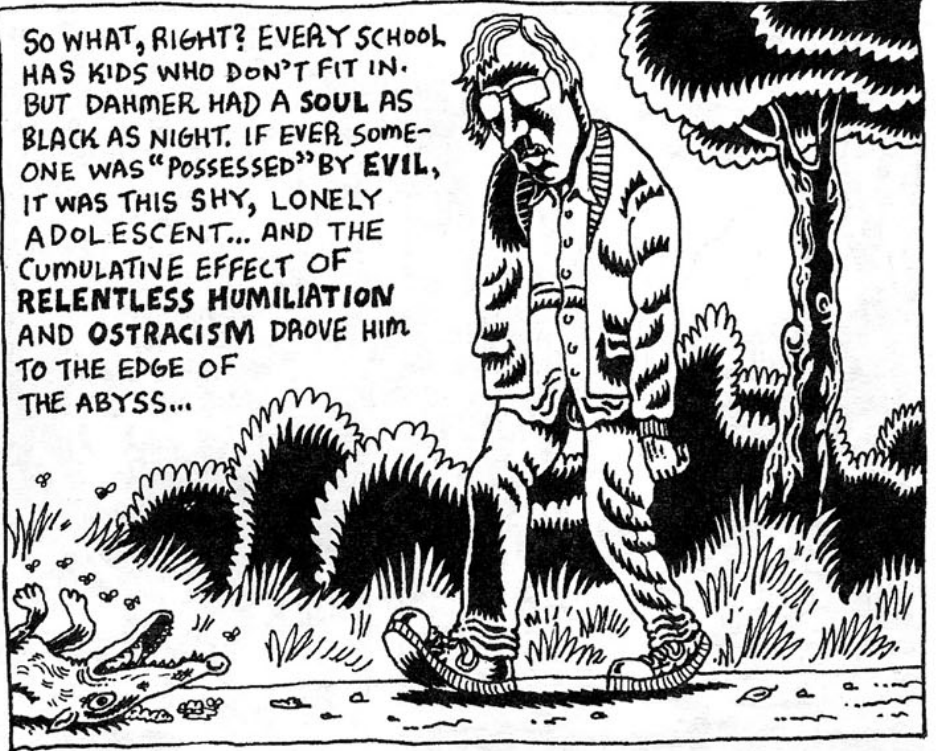
STEPHEN KING COULDN'T HAVE PUT DAHMER IN A STRANGER SETTING...



AS A KID, DAHMER WAS A CONSTANT VICTIM OF TORTURE. A SCRAWNY GEEK WITH BLACK HORN RIMS AND A SLIGHT LISP, HE WAS EASY PREY FOR THE PLAYGROUND PREDATORS. IN JUNIOR HIGH, IT ONLY GOT WORSE...



SO WHAT, RIGHT? EVERY SCHOOL HAS KIDS WHO DON'T FIT IN. BUT DAHMER HAD A SOUL AS BLACK AS NIGHT. IF EVER SOMEONE WAS "POSSESSED" BY EVIL, IT WAS THIS SHY, LONELY ADOLESCENT... AND THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT OF RELENTLESS HUMILIATION AND OSTRACISM DROVE HIM TO THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS...



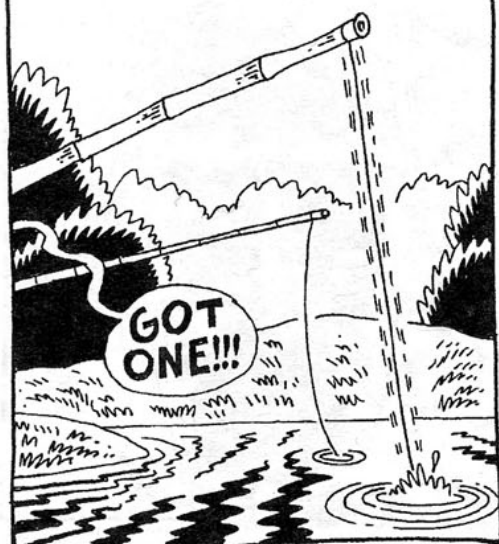
THAT'S WHEN HE BEGAN HIS PECULIAR "HOBBY" OF COLLECTING ROAD KILL HE FOUND WHILE WALKING THE QUIET COUNTRY ROADS. HE TOOK THEM HOME, DISSECTED THEM AND DISSOLVED THEM...



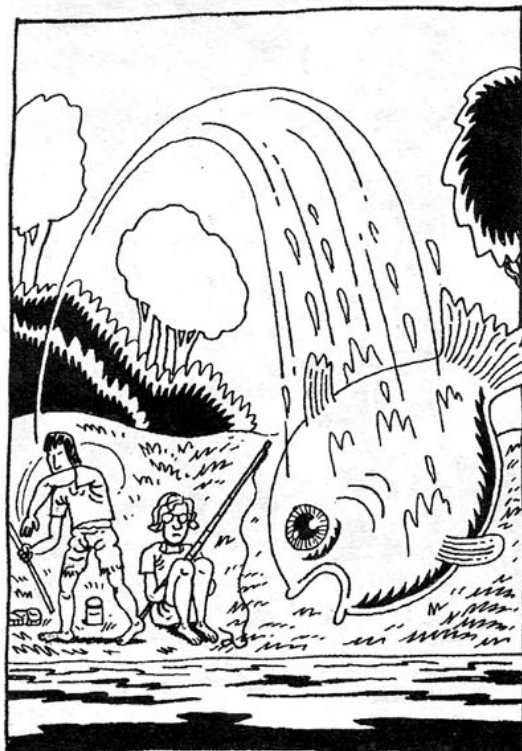
MEANWHILE AT SCHOOL, HE LURCHED THROUGH THE HALLS IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, DRIVING OFF THE FEW LOWER CASTE FRIENDS HE HAD...



WHICH BRINGS US HERE, TO THE SUMMER OF 1976— BETWEEN OUR SOPHOMORE AND JUNIOR YEARS...



THIS SUMMER WAS THE **LAST** PERIOD DAHMER WAS ABLE TO FUNCTION AS A NORMAL PERSON. ONCE SCHOOL STARTED HE WOULD **ALWAYS** BE "IN CHARACTER"... PRETENDING HE WAS SPASTIC. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD RELATE TO OTHERS. OR HE WAS **DRUNK**.

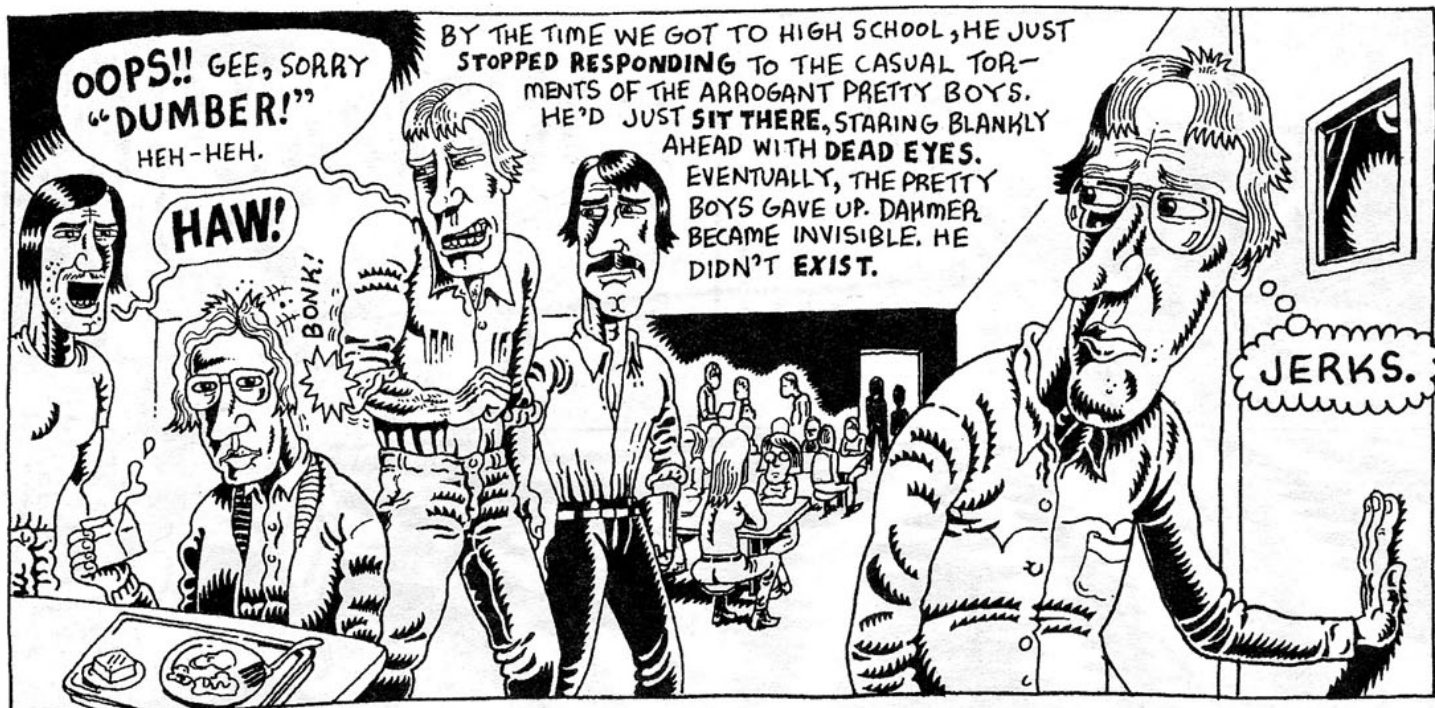


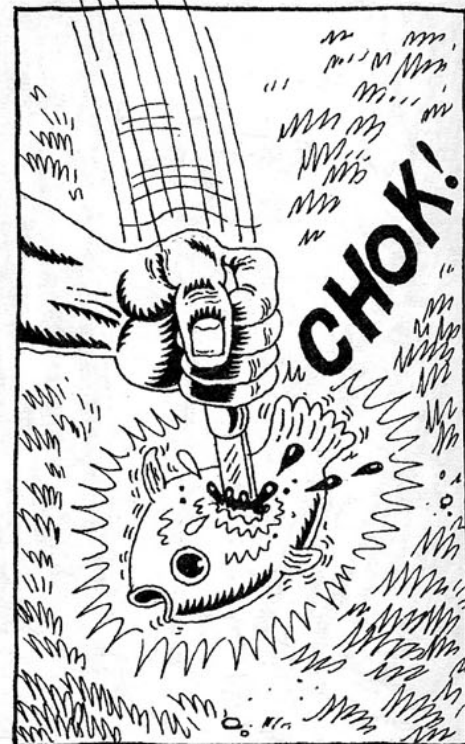
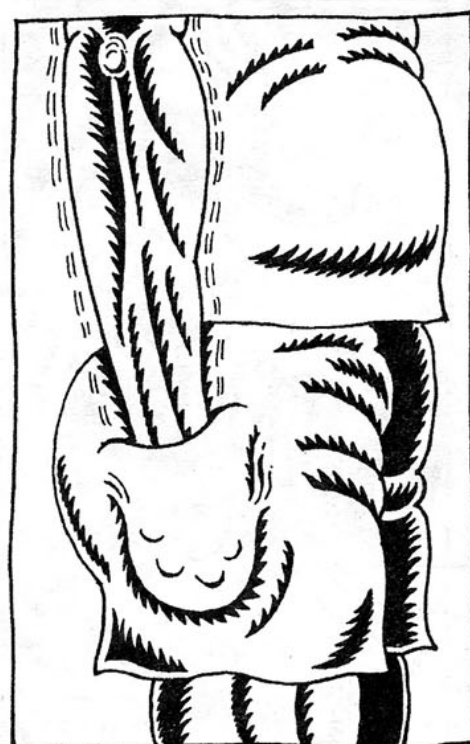
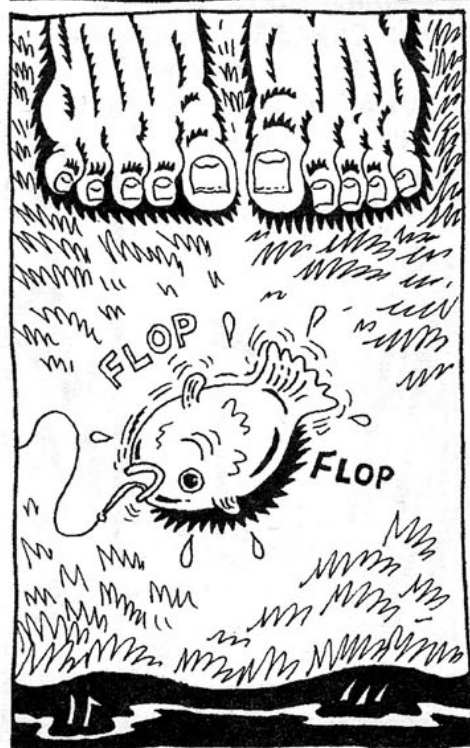
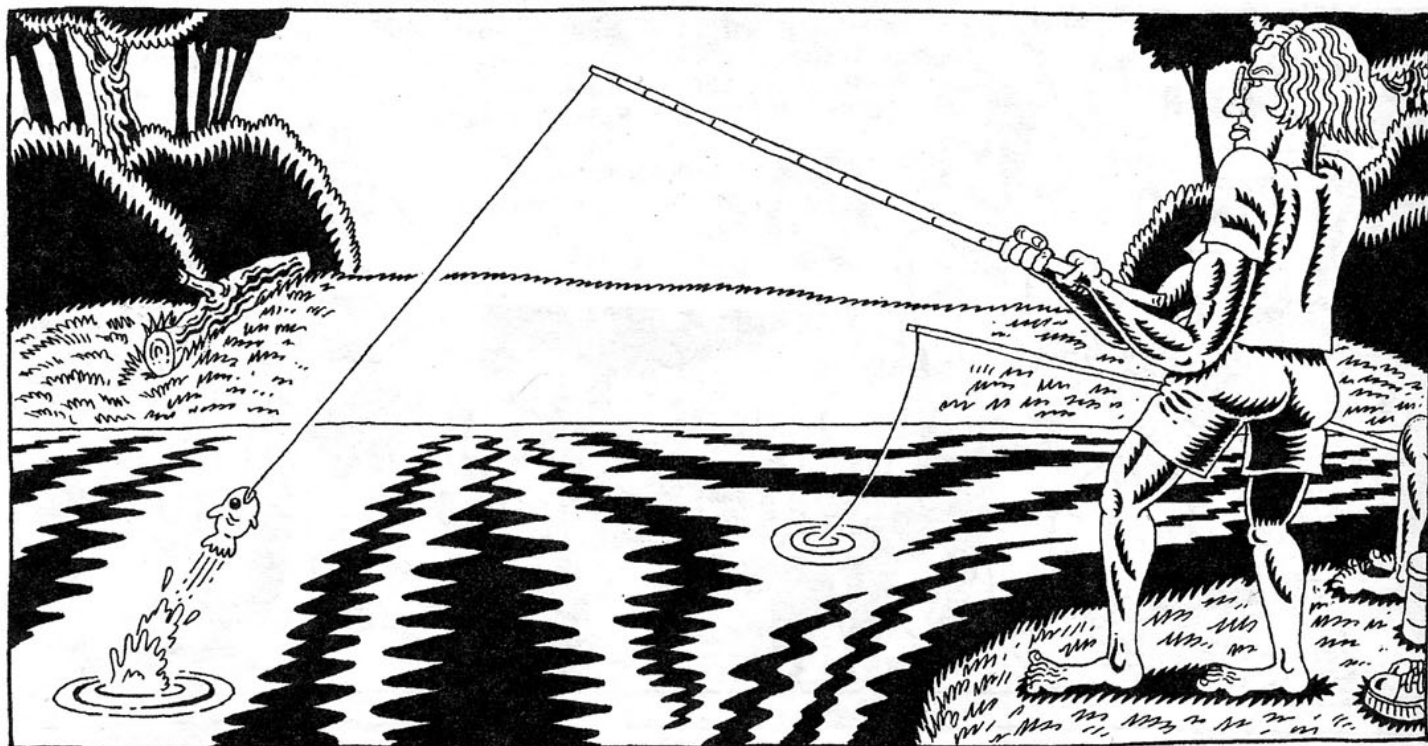
THE QUESTION IS ASKED— IF HIS BEHAVIOR WAS **SO BIZARRE**... IF HIS DRINKING WAS **SO BAD**, WHY DIDN'T YOU KIDS GET HIM **HELP**? WELL... IT WAS **THE SEVENTIES**. LONG BEFORE "JUST SAY NO" AND ALL THAT SHIT. SUBSTANCE ABUSE— THAT PHRASE DIDN'T EVEN EXIST YET— WAS REGARDED AS **FUN** NOT AS A PROBLEM OR AN ADDICTION. BESIDES, YOU COULDN'T **NARC** ON A PAL... IT SIMPLY WASN'T **DONE!**

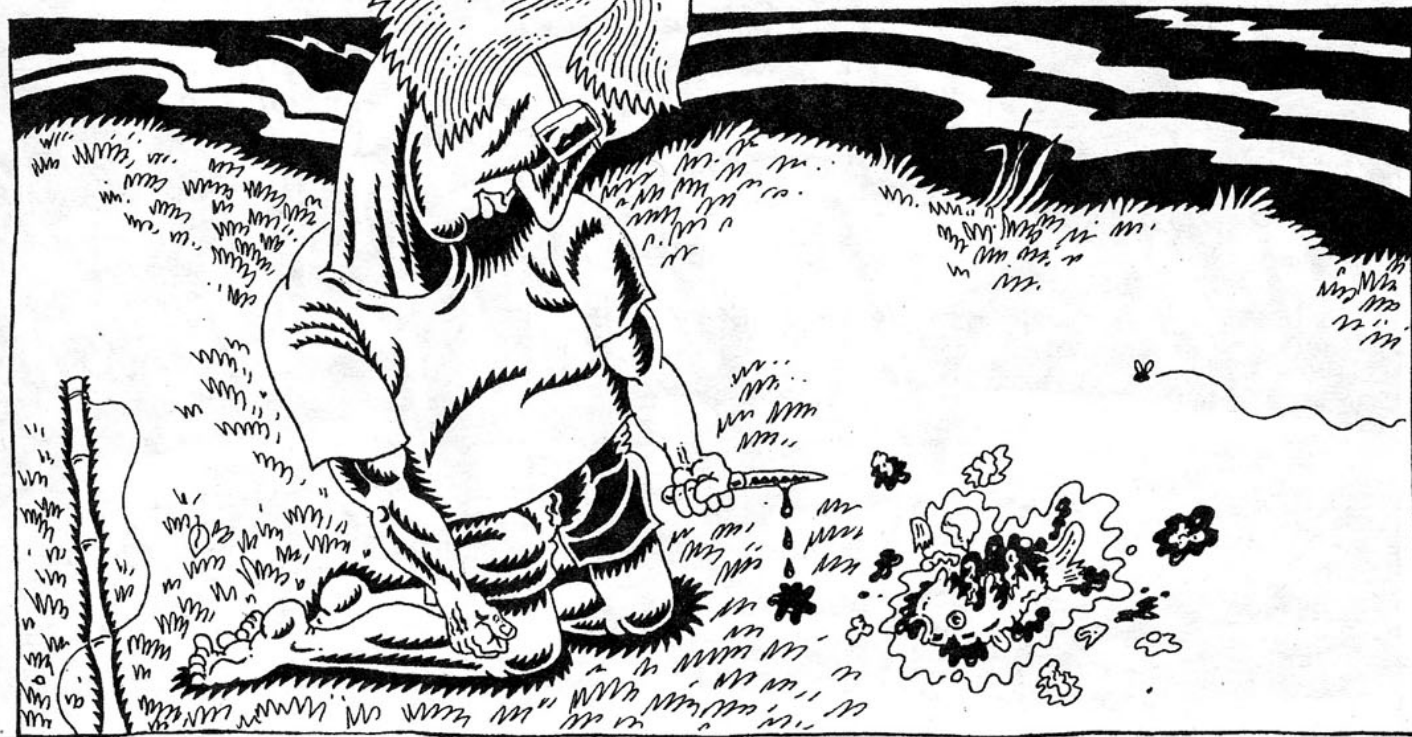
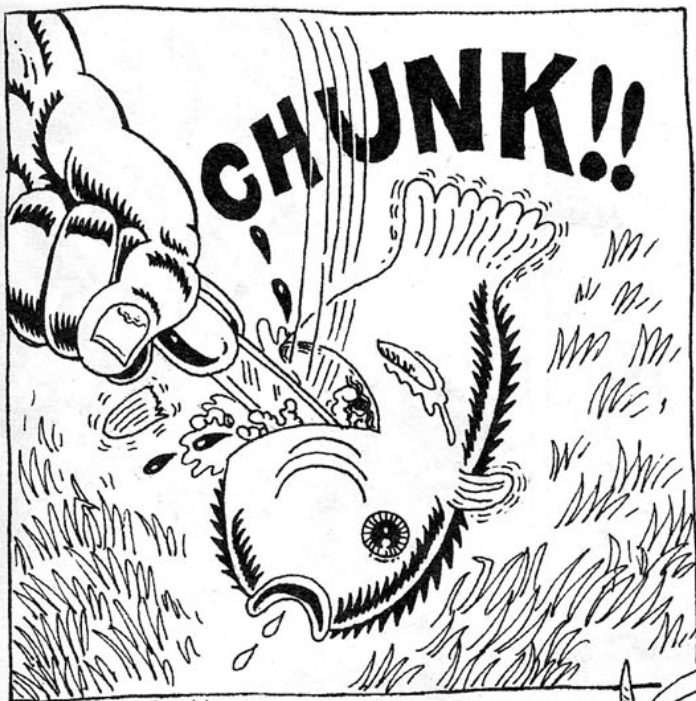


BUT MOSTLY, I THINK WE WERE JUST NAIVE KIDS— **TOO** WRAPPED UP IN OUR **OWN** HORMONE— WRACKED LIVES. AND IT'S NOT AS IF DAHMER WAS THE **ONLY** FUCKED UP KID AT SCHOOL...











YOUNG / JEFFREY DAHMER, PART 2

Dahmer's Command Performance

MARCH 1978 - COLD AND WET. THICK GREY CLOUDS BLANKETED THE SKY. TYPICAL WEATHER IN OHIO FROM NOVEMBER UNTIL JUNE. WEEKENDS WERE THE **MOST** NUMBING. BUT NOT **THIS** SATURDAY. THE SINGLE MOST **BIZARRE** DAY OF MY LIFE WAS ABOUT TO UNFOLD...

THAT'S IT.
THERE ON
THE LEFT.

'KAY.

BY
derf
©2000





OF COURSE, **NONE** OF US KNEW OF HIS HORRID SECRET **LIFE**... OF HIS UNHOLY SEXUAL OBSESSION WITH **CORPSES**...

WERE ANY OF US EVER IN **DANGER**? I DON'T THINK SO... BUT WHO **REALLY** KNOWS?

PSST!!

I'M SURE THE **JOGGER** WHO RAN PAST DAHMER'S HOUSE EVERY DAY NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS IN **PERIL**...

CRUNCH!

LITTLE SUSPECTING THAT DAHMER WAS WATCHING HIM FROM THE **WOODS**...

THAT HE WAS FANTASIZING ABOUT THE **JOGGER**... ABOUT LYING NEXT TO HIS **UNCONSCIOUS** BODY...

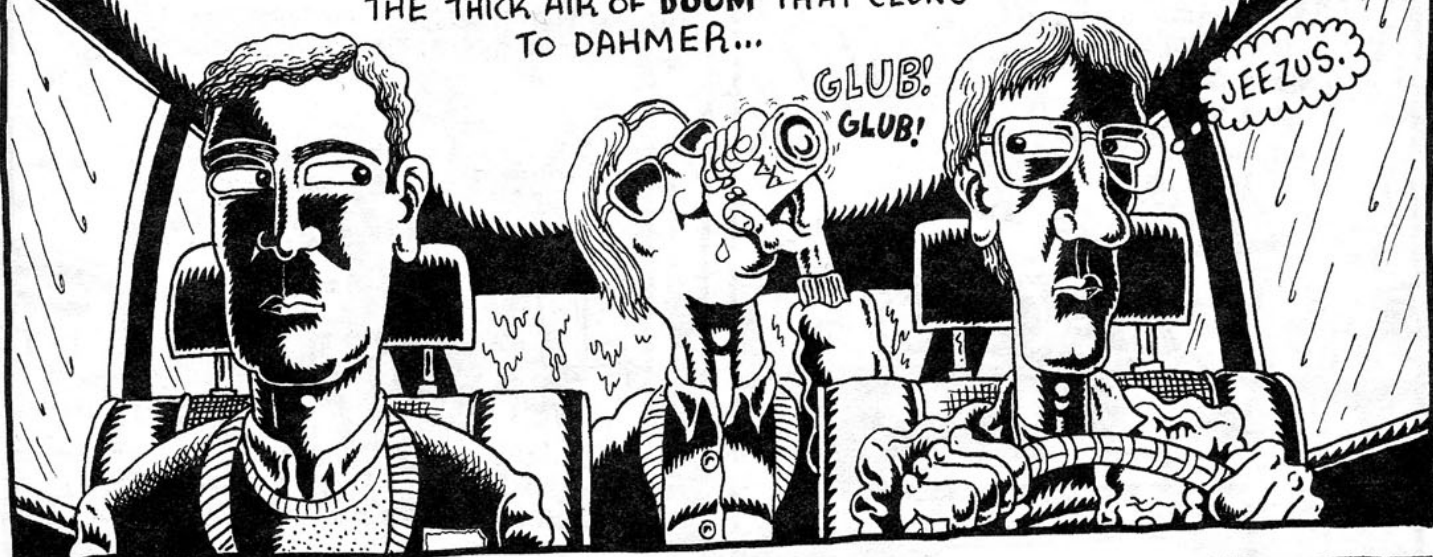
...AND, AFTER **WEEKS** OF SECRETLY OBSERVING HIM, THAT DAHMER, FOR THE **FIRST** TIME, DECIDED TO **ACT OUT** ONE HIS DREADFUL **URGES**...

THE **NEXT** DAY, DAHMER LAY IN WAIT FOR THE **JOGGER**...

3



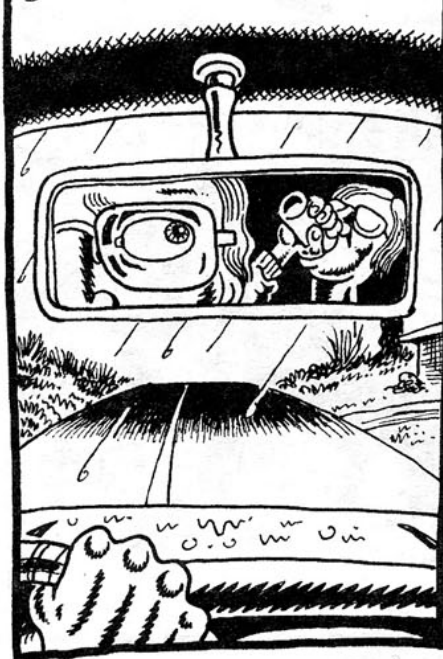
AT LEAST I WAS ALWAYS **WARY** OF THE GUY, AS **AMUSING** AS HIS ANTICS WERE. EVEN A SHELTERED SMALLTOWN CLOD LIKE ME RECOGNIZED THE THICK AIR OF **DOOM** THAT CLUNG TO DAHMER...



IF HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR WAS AN ATTEMPT TO GET **ATTENTION**, IT IRONICALLY ONLY DROVE **MOST** OF HIS PEERS AWAY. THE POPULAR PRETTY BOYS AND JOCKS DIDN'T EVEN **BULLY** HIM ANYMORE. THE FEW LOWER CASTE FRIENDS HE **ONCE** HAD AVOIDED HIM. UNDOUBTABLY, **THEY** KNEW MORE THAN WE DID...

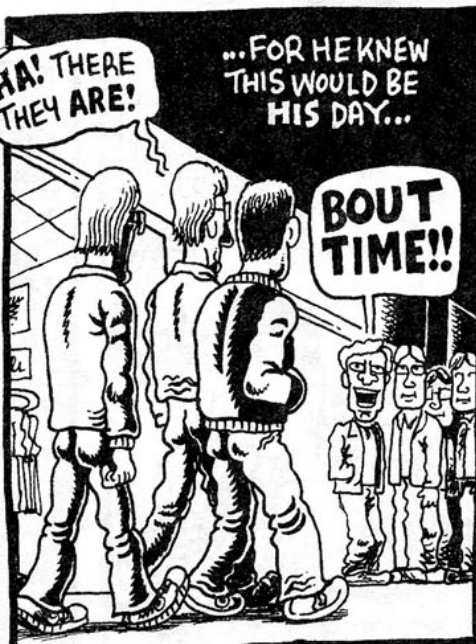
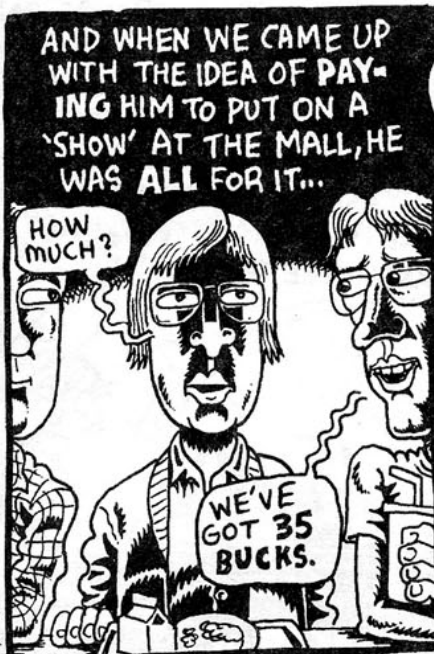
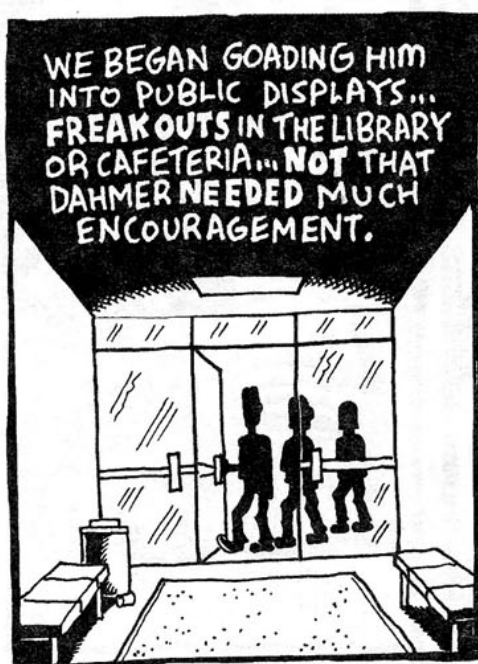
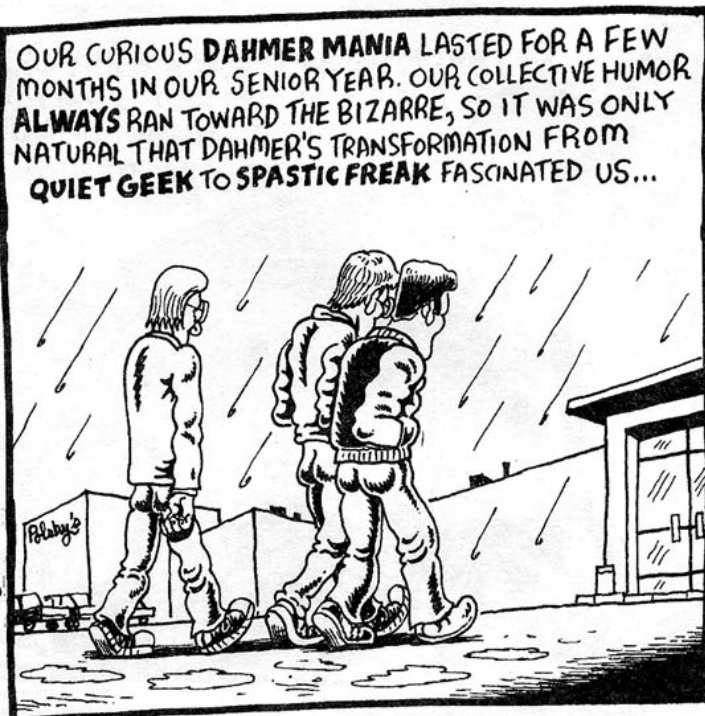


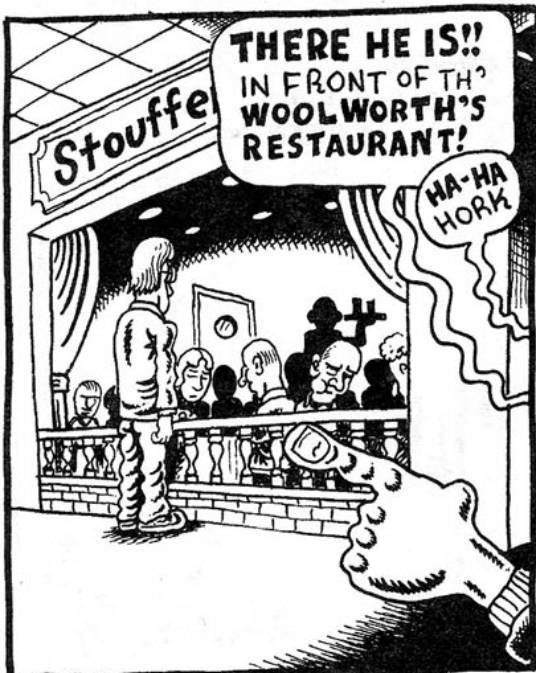
BUT WE KNEW **ENOUGH**...

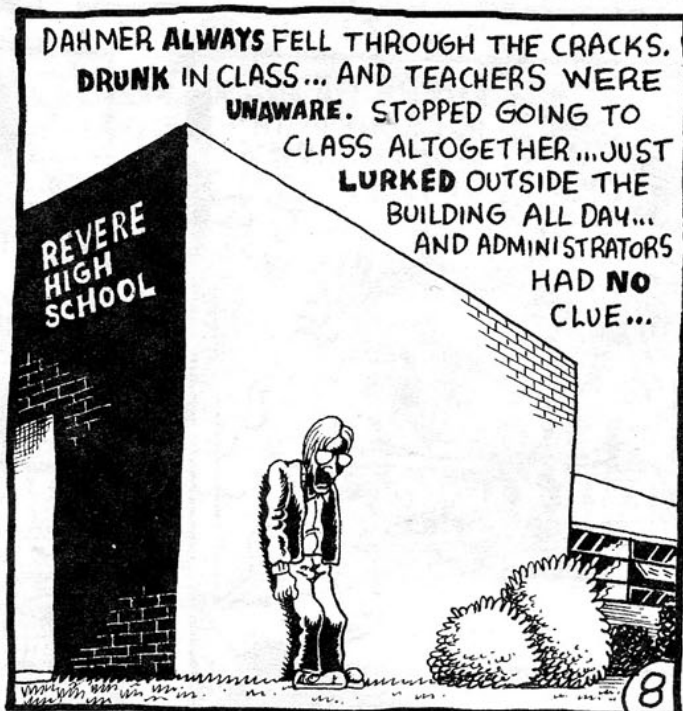


IT WAS A 10-MINUTE DRIVE TO THE MALL. HE POLISHED OFF THE 6-PACK WELL BEFORE WE REACHED IT, GIVING **NO** SIGN THAT CHUGGING A GALLON OF BEER AFFECTED HIM **AT ALL**.

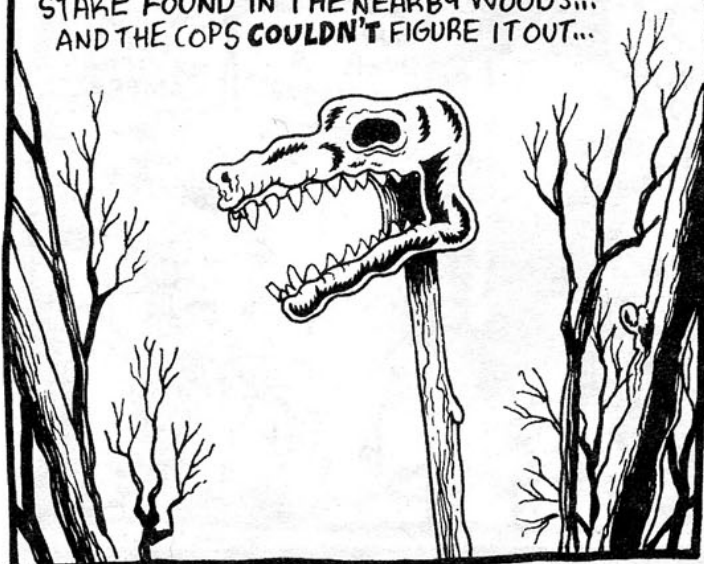








ABANDONED BY HIS PARENTS... AND THE NEIGHBORS DIDN'T KNOW. A DOG'S HEAD ON A STAKE FOUND IN THE NEARBY WOODS... AND THE COPS COULDN'T FIGURE IT OUT...



NO WONDER DAHMER THE SERIAL KILLER THOUGHT HE WAS UNCATCHABLE. HE'D BEEN INVISIBLE HIS WHOLE LIFE, ALWAYS CLOAKED IN SHADOWS... EVEN WHEN MAKING A PUBLIC SPECTACLE OF HIMSELF...

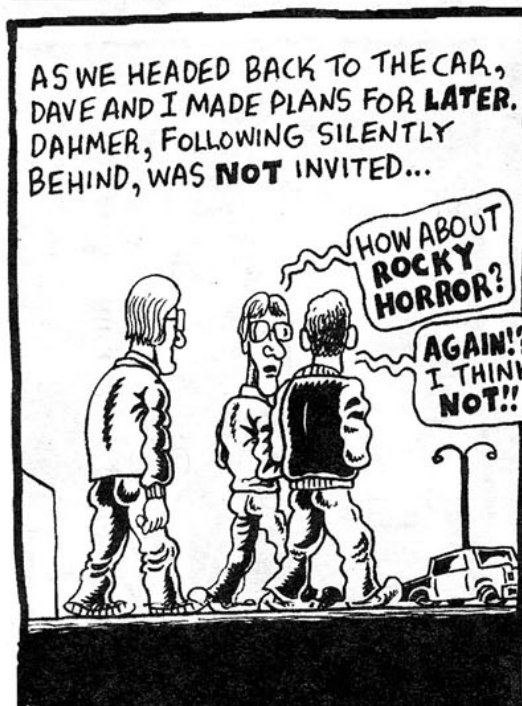


IF HE'D BEEN CAUGHT JUST ONCE DURING THIS TIME... COULD HE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

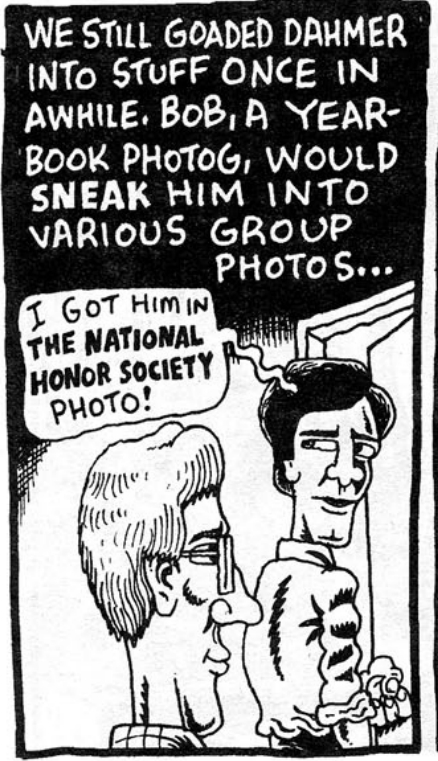
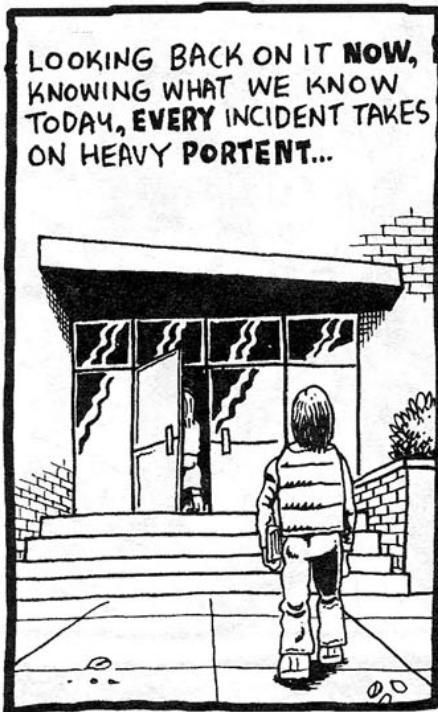


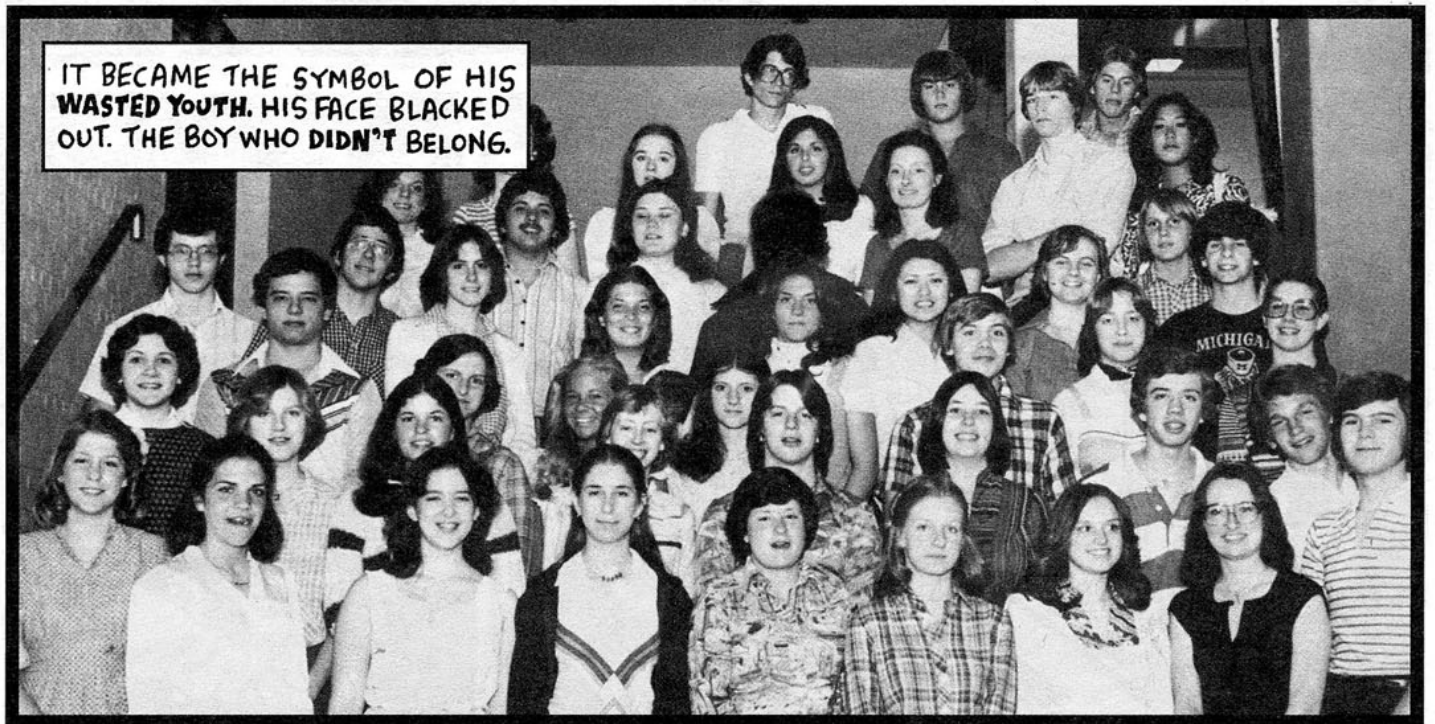
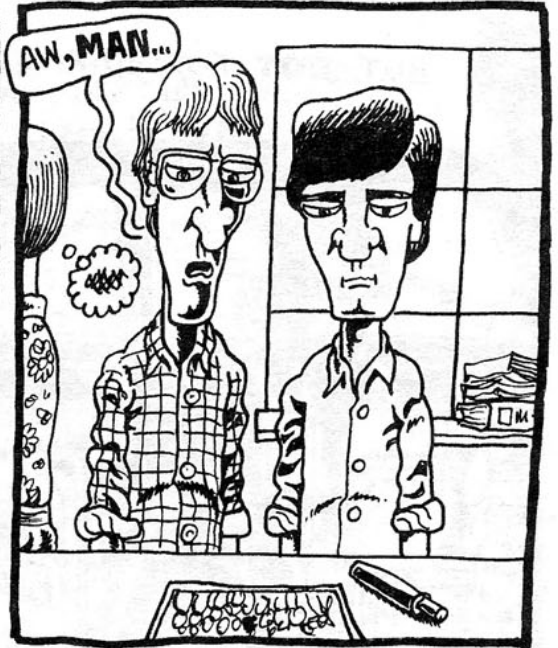
TRY OUR NEW WHEAT GERM?











JUNE 1, 1978... THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL FOR SENIORS. CAN ANYTHING IN LIFE EVER EQUAL THE UNBRIDLED JOY FOUND ON THIS DAY?...



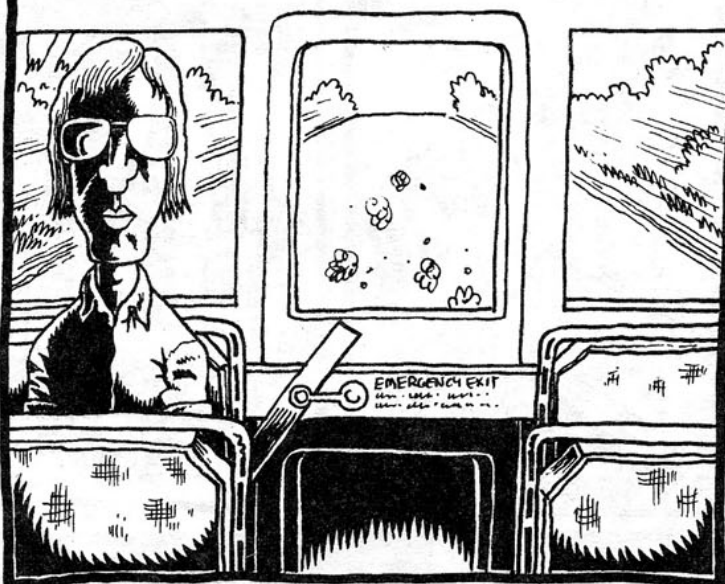
I PRACTICALLY FLOATED HOME. MY WHOLE LIFE STRETCHED BEFORE ME... FULL OF HOPE AND WONDER.



BUT **NOT** FOR DAHMER...



HIS LIFE ESSENTIALLY **ENDED** THIS DAY...



A FEW WEEKS LATER AND HE WAS A KILLER... A **MONSTER**...



FOR THE **REST** OF HIS WRETCHED LIFE...



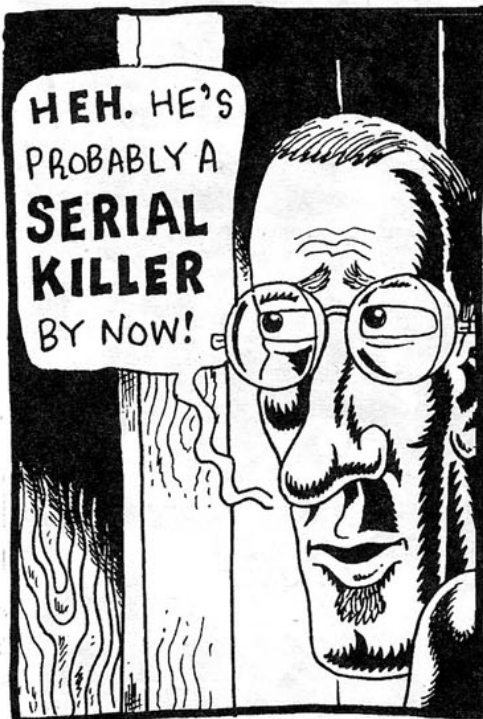
HE WAS COVERED IN **BLOOD**...

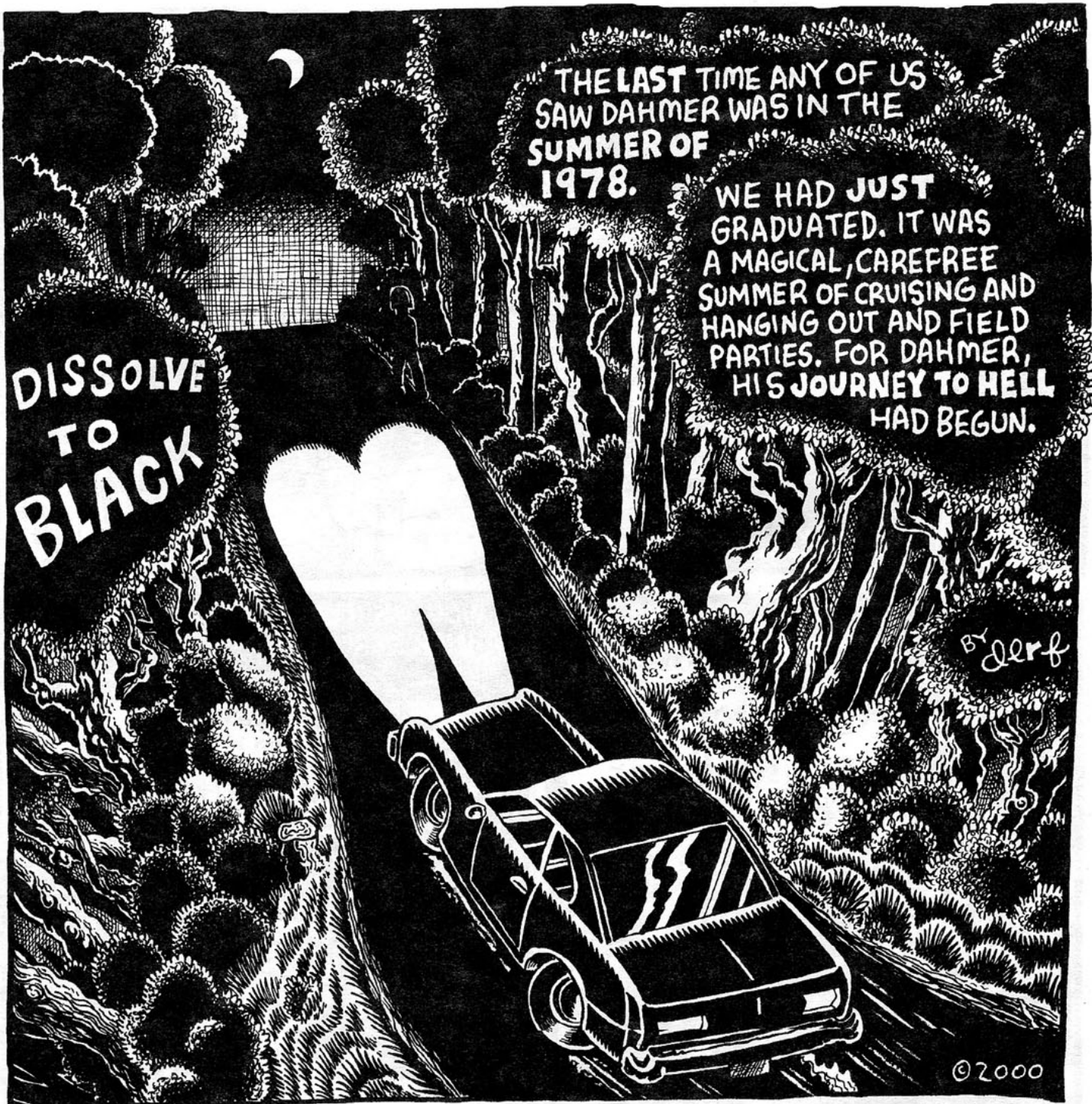


A DECADE LATER, IN 1988,
I MET A COUPLE HIGH SCHOOL
PALS AT A COFFEE SHOP IN
CLEVELAND...



IT WOULD STILL BE SEVERAL YEARS UNTIL
DAHMER'S CRIMES CAME TO LIGHT...





THE LAST TIME ANY OF US
SAW DAHMER WAS IN THE
SUMMER OF
1978.

WE HAD JUST
GRADUATED. IT WAS
A MAGICAL, CAREFREE
SUMMER OF CRUISING AND
HANGING OUT AND FIELD
PARTIES. FOR DAHMER,
HIS JOURNEY TO HELL
HAD BEGUN.

By delf

©2000

LIVING OUT IN THE BOON-
IES, WE HAD TO DRIVE
EVERYWHERE, PILOTING
OUR BATTERED DUSTERS
AND VEGAS OVER LONELY
COUNTRY ROADS...



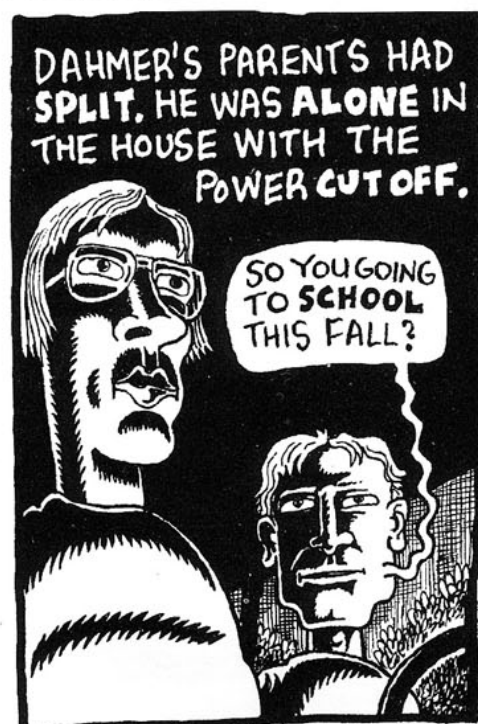
MIKE WAS ON HIS WAY
HOME LATE, HAVING JUST
DROPPED OFF SOME PALS
AFTER A NIGHT OF
CRUISING...

WHOA!! I ALMOST
DIDN'T SEE THAT GUY!
WHAT A MORON...
WALKING IN THE ROAD
THIS TIME OF NIGHT!

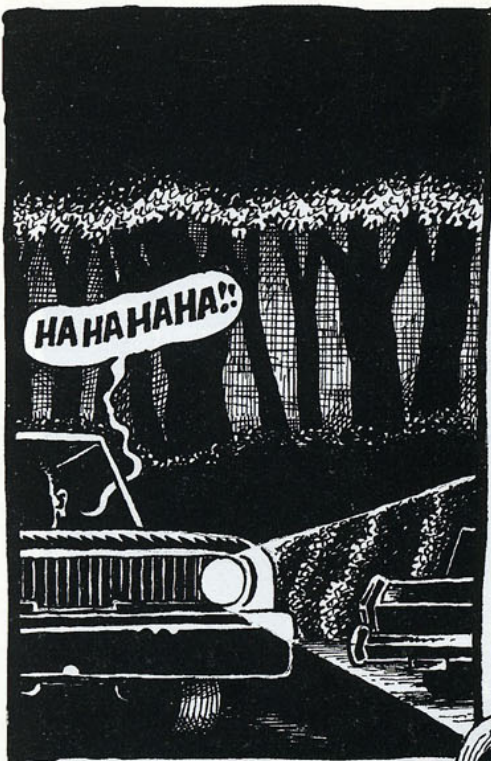


IT'S DAHMER!!
I'LL BE DAMNED!

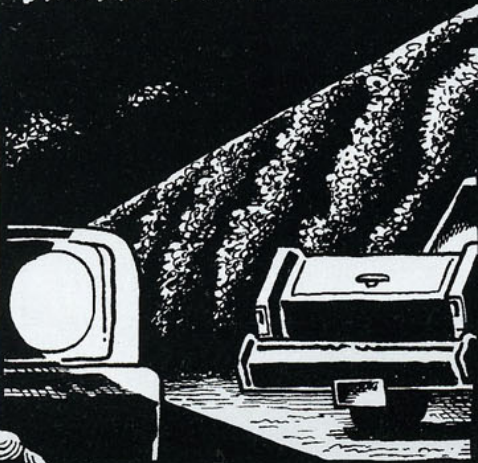




* DAHMER'S FREAKY TRADEMARK SCHTICK... IMITATING HIS MOM'S DECORATOR, WHO HAD CEREBRAL PALSY.



AS THE TIMELINE OF DAHMER'S GRISLY MURDERS WAS CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED, WE ASCERTAINED THAT AS MIKE SAT THERE IN DAHMER'S DRIVEWAY THAT NIGHT...



...THE DISMEMBERED BODY OF HIS FIRST VICTIM, A YOUNG HITCHHIKER, WAS EITHER IN THE HOUSE OR IN THE TRUNK OF HIS CAR... PARKED JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY.

